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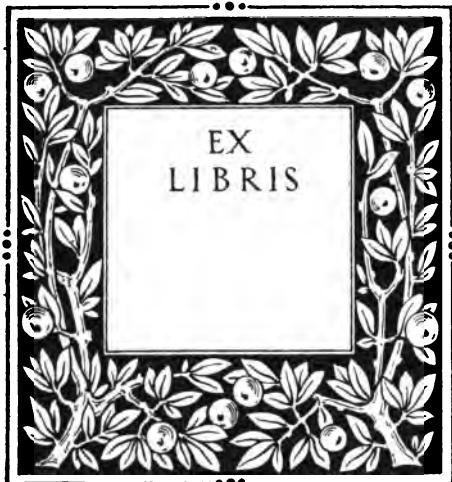
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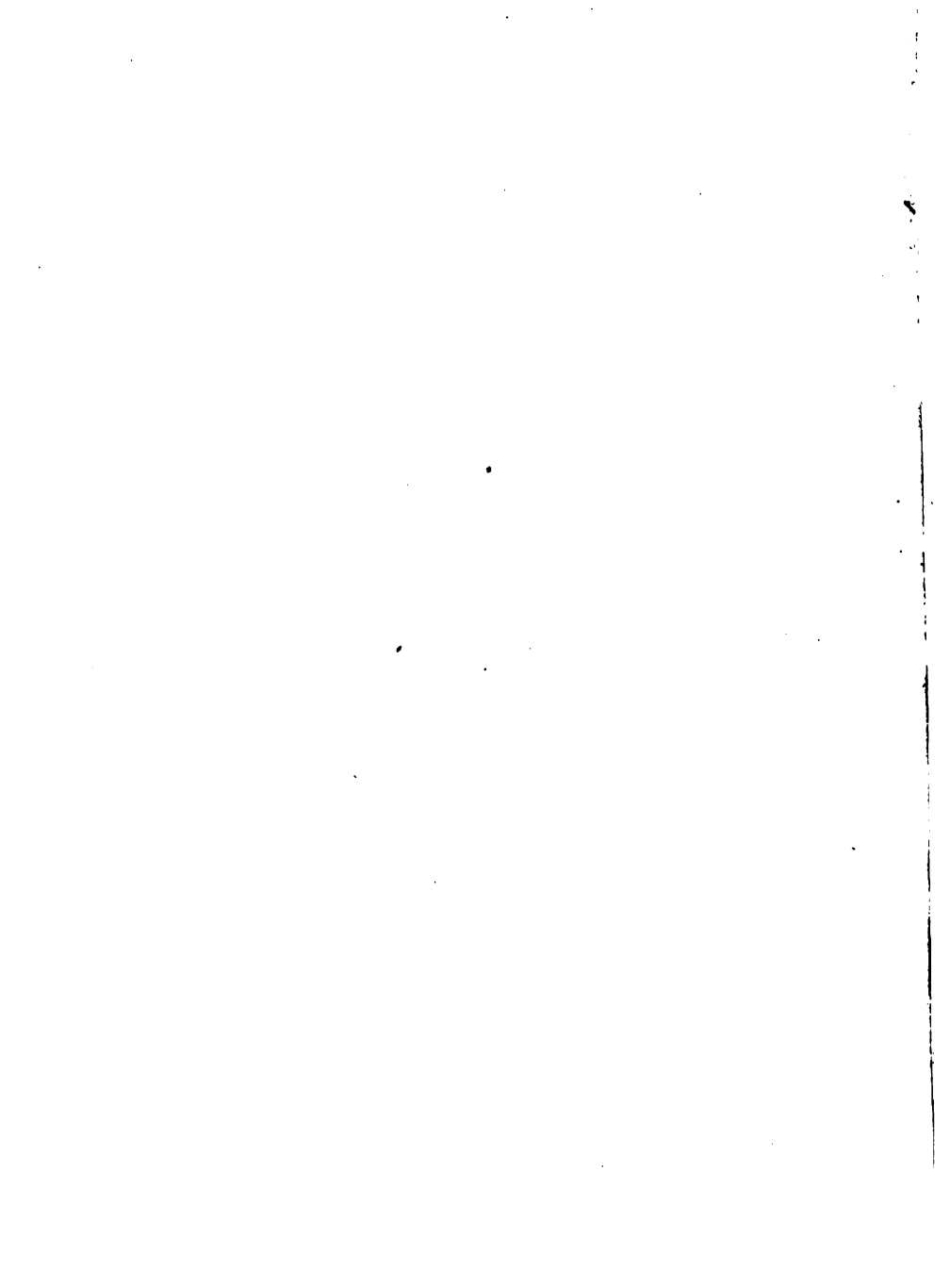


FROM THE
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GIVEN IN 1899 BY
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IN MEMORY OF HER BROTHER
KENNETH MATHESON TAYLOR
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FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

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25
2



APHRODITE AGAINST ARTEMIS.

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0
APHRODITE AGAINST ARTEMIS A TRAGEDY
BY T. STURGE MOORE

London
At the Sign of the Unicorn
In Cecil Court St. Martin's Lane
MDCCCCI

23701.2.31.5

✓



Taylor fund

TO L. B. *inyon*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

§

THESEUS, king of Attica.

HIPPOLYTUS, his son by the queen of the Amazons, his former wife.

A MESSENGER.

HUNTSMEN, LITTER-BEARERS, ETC.

§

PHAEDRA, wife to Theseus.

HIPPO, CYDILLA, DOTO, CLYMENE, SIMAETHA, MALIS

maidens of good family attending on the queen.

THOE, an old Amazon, nurse to Hippolytus.

§

APHRODITE, goddess of passion.

ARTEMIS, goddess of chastity.

§

SCENE, a farm belonging to Theseus, near Athens.

NOTE

§

It will be evident that considerable alterations would be necessary to adapt the following work for actual representation : but it is hoped that what is lost in fitness for the stage is gained in readableness.

APHRODITE AGAINST ARTEMIS.

§ (Near Athens. The interior of a farm belonging to king THESEUS.

At half depth of the stage, near the centre, are two squared massive timber columns supporting a wooden roof; they serve also as jambs for a heavily battened door, over which a tall man might just see; between this and either wall is a hoarding of similar height and construction; the spaces beneath the eaves are open to the air: a table stretches from the centre toward the left; to the right a stone slab, the hearth, stands well away from the wall, above it the roof is uncovered and the rafters sooted; further to the right on the same plane is a recess for household gods; on the extreme left large earthen pans are ranged on a low tressel. It is early morning. THOE enters by a door, quite in front on the right, leaving it half opened on to the stage; she builds a fire, taking twigs from faggots piled under the table (logs lie behind the hearth), and in the meanwhile she talks to herself.) §

Out all night long! and they are not back yet.

I'm always worried lest that boy get hurt.

Boy! boy! He's grown man now, as one could tell,

The queen's dark eyes so follow him about;

Those hussies too must giggle, blush, make eyes

When he comes near.

§ (She lights the fire.)

There let them burn, Greensticks:

Love's fire they say; so be it; what care I?

He treats the whole baggage but as they deserve;

For, tall, he has his taller mother's pride—

Too proud; as she once was, our virgin queen,

Who loved to say 'twas only slavish sluts

That could bear children: she went down in fight,—

Eros and Ares bafflers both at once;

Not to be free, it killed her in the end,

Despite she loved lord Theseus all she could.

§ (While setting out bowls on the table and platters and dishes of meat, and fetching bread, she mutters from time to time)

Poor thing! A queen, indeed! Married, poor thing!

§ (Footsteps are heard to cross the yard outside; the door in the centre opens, and HIPPO, CYDILLA, DOTO, CLYMENE, SIMAETHA, MALIS, enter; they bear large amphoras on their heads, from which they pour milk into the pans ranged on the extreme left. THOE takes some in a cauldron to put on the fire, while they break bread into bowls; then she pours on the hot milk. While eating, the sleepy girls whisper together inaudibly; the old Amazon remaining morose and silent. Soon there is a noise outside of HUNTSMEN returning; the GIRLS start up and carry the bench on which they were sitting against the hoarding on the left, and jumping up look over the top. THOE goes to the door.) §

SIMAETHA

Good day. You seem but half awake.

§ (The voice of a HUNTSMAN outside.

No, misses, you are right there, by Zeus!) §

THOE § (to HIPPOLYTUS, as he enters)

Good sport? Good sport?

§ (HIPPOLYTUS makes no answer, but seats himself at the table sullenly.)

THOE § (removing a cover timidly)

What will you take?

§ (HIPPOLYTUS cuts slices from some cold meat with his hunting-knife. THOE gives him bread and fetches wine, which he puts back, and fills a bowl with milk. She comes close to him, and half whispering)

My boy's not hurt, eh?

§ (Receiving no answer she leaves him and goes out through the yard muttering)

It's no use.

THE GIRLS

Oh, the dear, dear little fawn!

§ (HUNTSMAN'S voice outside.

You see,

We shot its dam, and love beguiles

It run with child-like plaints for miles

Behind us.)
THE GIRLS (indignantly)
Cruel wretch! Oh, cruelty!

There, let us have it!
(They all jump down, and going to the door bring it in.)
MALIS

What sad eyes!
(They stroke it; it lies down.)
DOTO

'Tis tired.
CYDILLA

Poor dear.
CLYMENE (who is kneeling back on her heels)

How sweet it lies
Against my knee as though beside
Its dam.
DOTO (to HIPPOLYTUS, who takes no notice)
Good day, Sir Butcher.

SIMAETHA

Chide—

Chide him.
HIPPO

He thinks himself a king.
CYDILLA

He thinks a girl a silly thing.
HIPPO

Prefers a nymph of Artemis
Who kilts her petticoat like this.
(She kilts hers, the others laugh and, leaving CLYMENE
with the fawn, gather round HIPPOLYTUS, pinning up their
skirts.)

CYDILLA (lifts his bow and pretends to draw on him)
They touch his heart this way.

MALIS

And make

A wound that's real enough to ache.
III

DOTO

Or may a dryad of the trees

Have tossed her rustling locks to the breeze. . . .

(She looses her hair and floats it on her hands, bowing towards him; the others do the same.)

HIPPO\$ (continuing DOTO'S words)

Whispering dew-drenched secresies,

Sighing, 'If at last I please.'

CLYMENE\$ (leaves the fawn asleep, and stooping beneath the table peeps up)

Or just a head above the pool,

Through which down-trembles whiteness cool.

\$ (PHAEDRA enters by the door on the left, but draws back without being observed; the others bob under.)

DOTO

Or, laughing 'mid the bubbling falls,

Glancing between the rocks, who calls?

MALIS

With sand in her hair and bracken bed,

A roof of grey rock overhead,

Who peeps with eyes like blackberries,

Desirous of a mortal kiss?

\$ (HIPPOLYTUS gets up, spreads his fox-skin cloak before the fire and over a log to serve as a pillow, unbandages his sandals, lies down and falls asleep.)

HIPPO\$ (going to a distant corner)

Or when he dozed in some deep glade,

Is it an echo that has said,

'O heart, be still, poor hurt heart, sleep?'

\$ (The others take various stations.)

CLYMENE

Ah, would that one set me to weep,

As some unheeded girl should sob

Because her robbed heart none would rob.

CYDILLA

Might it be mine but to repeat

Some yielding maiden's crowned defeat.

MALIS

Or rather let me sing to him ;
A poet taught me 'twas his whim :
' Love walks with short steps up the hill
To see the world.
His larger hand holds all his will,
Round lesser curled.'

HIPPOS (venturing nearer)

What graceful limbs !

CLYMENE (going close)

Oh, lift ! Oh, lift !

Lids shiver from the dreams that drift
Ice-rafts o'er twin blue frozen seas.

DOTO

My heart, red lips, eyes warm though blue,
These hands they praise, all, all for you !
My laughter, take me laughing, please !

ALL

Ah Artemis, ah Artemis,
You do us cruel wrong in this :
Thou hast the heart of this fair boy ;
No word of his we Echoes toy—
No low-toned word, no whispered kiss.

PHAEDRA (who has been standing behind the half-open door, advances softly a second time, and in commanding, though lowered tones, addresses the GIRLS.)

At Daphnis' fold, above the dingle-wood,
Are ten fine fleeces that have been well picked,
Well washed, well scoured ; and these last days have been
So sunny, yet with wind, that they by now
Are dried and beaten : go with Thoe there.
Daphnis will have found teazles ; card this wool ;
Prepare some food and make a day of it !
You grow so lazy, you have idle thoughts.
Come, don't blush, but be gone.

§(The GIRLS hastily fill a basket with viands and hurry out, crying Thoe,

Thoe!)§
PHAEDRA§(following them to the open door speaks to those without)
Ay, you look sleepy.

§(HUNTSMAN'S voice heard outside :

Lady, so we are.)§

PHAEDRA

Find you but energy to reach the shore,
Where ilex-trees their pigmy acorns shed
O'er the near waves ; where, piled upon the rocks,
Are stacks of spars built after that sad wreck
Which chanced last winter ; by this 'tis tinder dry :
There 'neath the trees sleep out the sultry day,
Then bathe your rested bodies in the sea ;
Refreshed bear back the wood through the cool dusk.
Forget not to take wine and food with you.

§(HUNTSMEN

Thanks, noble queen ; the task is kindly chosen.)§

PHAEDRA

Take any boys or men without employ ;
Such loiter round our house too much by far ;
And let them into faggots bind the wood,
The while ye take the rest ye need.

§(HUNTSMEN

We will.)§

PHAEDRA§(leaves the door and comes forward, drawing her hand across her brow as if in pain ; the HUNTSMEN are heard making ready, then distancing.)

PHAEDRA

Why do we weak feign strength, and evil good ?
Why thwart the blood ? Soon at a standstill life
Grows stale ; food tastes not good, joys give no joy.—
If life's chief help-mate joy be taken away,
Soft beds are little to thy purpose, Sleep,
Dear Sleep that hast divorced me, as I would
My husband had, who leaves me lonely ;—sleep,

(57)

Too kind a gift for any god save one,—
Persephone,—who knows what suffering is,
And longing, tedious looking-out for hope.
I am no queen; why should I act like one?
I am a slave, with limbs that hang and drag;
A hungry instinct edges me to snatch,
With vile precaution eyeing every face
In a mean terror. Rather sin and die!
But, but if consciousness that we do love,
And of that loveliness which masters us,
Were lost, death would be too precipitate.
Die not, slave; steal, steal, lie, ward off rebuke,
And glorying gather back thy scattered joys.
Has circumstance a better right to rob
The taste from thee, so precious to a woman,
Of all those lucky feints in word or deed
That mask the common harsh necessities—
Kind happ'nings that some dear one thought about,
Such as a mistress in her household meets,
Such as a mother helps from child's intent
Which, like speech immature, fails prettily?

I am a mother.

Upon my husband's bed I have borne children;
And I, I loved them for a little while.
They have been sent from here to Pittheus' house:
I could not bear their running in and out.
He sleeps quite soundly who has ousted them.
Oh, Theseus was too old for me; I, I
Am only a girl and should go dancing, if—
If—if—I were not ill.
That love should be disease!—

Mother, thy daughter has the plague from thee.

So (She has come close and is looking down on HIPPOLYTUS;
after a pause she says)

Now, if I crept beside him, he in sleep

Might know me, yea, not knowing who I was
He might—but if he woke and hated, spurned,
Reviled. . . . Oh ! I should kill him if he did.

☞ (A silence.)

How fairly favoured is this step-son here.

☞ (She lifts the mirror at her girdle.)

And I am reckoned beautiful.

☞ (She lets the mirror fall to her side again.)

Too pale !

Ah, Aphrodite, he loves Artemis !

☞ (She takes a bowl, fills it with milk, loops back her sleeves, removes her bracelets and finger rings, placing them beside the bowl on the table, and begins to wash her hands and arms and face ; at intervals while washing)

She should be cold to him.

I wonder has he seen her ?

I never met a god.

He hopes ; who does not hope ?

☞ (Turning to the fawn that has waked and trotted to her.)

This poor beast's thoughtless eyes

Can match our own in hope.

☞ (She sets the bowl of milk on the ground before it, then steps out in the porch, plucks some jasmine, twines it in her hair, returning.)

This is his bow, heavy—

☞ (Weighs it in her hand.)

The quiver so ?

Which shoulder should the strap cross, left or right ?

The left is easiest.

☞ (She leans the bow by the table, kilts her skirt, and lays her ankle-rings by the other jewelry.)

Now am I passable for Artemis ?

These little mirrors hold so much of one.

There, I could sing !

No good will come of thinking.
My cheeks have found them colour. . . .
Oh, I could cry,
I hate myself to loathing.
And yet tears—tears would spoil me.

§ (Looking down at him.)

Poor feet, you're torn and dirty!

§ (She goes to dip a bowl in the vase of water standing near the door, returns, kneels down by his feet and begins to wash them; the fawn that has finished drinking settles itself with its head on her lap.)

HIPPOLYTUS § (waking.)

Oh, thank you.

Yet, great goddess, not my feet—

Wash not my feet, but wash mine eyes that are
So heavy, so glued-to with gummy sleep.

I now see dim in haze the face I most

Have longed to be once blessed with sight of.

Artemis—pardon though:

I have no right to use thy name without

Meet titles of respect,

Yet it is sweet, like that,

The simple single name

That never could be married.

Alas! What do I say?

Speak, speak and pardon me!

Oh, set me right, for I see partly that

Thou—it is in the corners of thy mouth—

Thou lov'st—they twitch. . . . Oh, set me right! My tongue
Is frightened at its sound.

Thou only smilest; if I dare to say

I've loved thee, thou wilt not be angered? No:

For I have kept young does in sight for miles,

Convinced they led me servants to thy will.

At other times, when keen upon a stag,

Some fox glanced like a shuttle through the ferns,

Off at a tangent: leaving the sure game,

To pant on reynard's sinuous threadings, I
Have lost my breath, my courage, yea, have wept.
At quiet times some butterfly, that sailed,
Foreign to gloom, down sombre glades, has seemed
Thine envoy! but the flimsy flittings proved
Too wayward even to lead a lover's hopes.
But speak!

☛ (Sitting up.)

Oh, may I touch thee?

Why should'st thou start like that?

This blush is my permission.

☛ (Goes to put his arms round her.)

Where am I? Phaedra! Oh!

PHAEDRA

I love thee.

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh!

PHAEDRA

I will give thee everything.

HIPPOLYTUS

It is a nightmare.

PHAEDRA

Dear!

HIPPOLYTUS

Take off those hands.

PHAEDRA

^{We}
I want, want, want thy love; I starve.

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh! shame! shame! shame!

PHAEDRA

Let's kiss the shame to death.

Come, smother it: Love is worth blushing for.

HIPPOLYTUS

Thou art my father's wife.

PHAEDRA

I am as young as thou, as beautiful:

x

Love shows more naturally in us than 'twixt
A grey-haired man and me.

HIPPOLYTUS

Stop; no word more!

I will not even listen to such things;
Ever my ways have been kept clean from them.

PHAEDRA

Yes, yes, a pretty purity indeed,
Which hankers to despoil a chastity
Not human but divine!
A goddess, not a queen,
Must break her vows to fill thy bed with love.
An appetite so pampered spurns mere food,
And clamours after dainties out of reach.
Then 'Shame! shame! shame!' thou criest.
What kind of shame was planned
There, in thy mind for her,
Votress supreme, divine, of virgin life?
Where dost thou better me?
If sinfully I love,
Impiously thou . . . yet love
Is pardon for all sin,
Makes every action fair, each deed divine.
No heart is fortified 'gainst his attack,
All virtue sinks before him crying, 'Lord,
Thou gav'st me life; for out of love I came
To win men's minds to good. Take back thy gift;
Thou needest not my strength to break their hearts.'

§ (After a pause.)

Ah! Now I see, thou feel'st how hot love is:
Thy face is throbbing like my purple cheeks.
But she will never love thee, and I do.
Come, learn to like me; thou hast thought me her,
And would'st have kissed me by mistake but now,
So nearly did I realise thy dream.
Those eyes look down; there! hide them on my breast,

And I will spread my hair like night round thee,
And we will throb together in the dark,
Nor think, nor see, nor hope, nor fear, but love.
My heart has changed its time to beat with thine,
And tenderness has wiped my thoughts away.
☛ (She attempts to embrace him; he springs up.)

HIPPOLYTUS

I like thee not at all; I never could;
Nor is that true, thou sayest;
My love was not like this;
It never would have begged
Or tried to force consent;
Nor had it found a tongue,
Save face to face with love,
Such as thy lust then aped.

PHAEDRA

Help me, Love—I shall curse him else—help me!
He knows the truth: his words are full of it.
☛ (Throwing herself round his knees)
Stay, stay, I must speak: what thou say'st is true.
I lied, I lied, but only out of hope.
I know that love is good, and so is mine.
Thou dost not dream how I have suffered first.
Why, were I not so out of health, had sleep
Not ceased to heal me after brutal day,
I never had been vilely clinging here.
I loved thee and have helped thee many ways,
Without thy knowledge furnishing thy need
Day after day, and finding thee excuse,
When those too sullen haughty looks indoors
Displeased thy father. I have ached for thee
All night, when hunting unreturned, in fear
Some brute had gored thee with his tusk—I have—
Yea, all last night lay sick at heart for thee,
And wept at wild surmises—damaged *you*
That languished, maimed or crippled, kept a-bed.

IPPOLYTUS

Get up.

1. AEDRA

Then promise not to wrench away.

She gets up.)

At least I gain forgiveness; hear me out.

Being a child, when Theseus came to Crete,
A deal of bustle and a week of feast
As all his coming meant for me; I danced;
They used to make me mimic fights before
The games came off with the real cutting swords.
Behind a shield that must rest on the ground,
Too heavy to lift except with both my arms,
I with a lath sword hit out at the boys.
And called forth their rude war-shouts till they laughed.
Theseus would not be there; he was too grave,
But stood by Ariadne on the dais.
Then would they lure me down the enclosure's length
Far from my shield; for each made feint to die
Soon as I hit at him, till all the place
Was strewn; when suddenly all leapt to life,
And circled me and took me captive, bound
My hands, then bade me pay them ransom down.
Sometimes I kissed full thirty ere the grant
Of liberty: once, putting off the child,
I did turn cross, and so was let away,
Which was the first time Theseus noticed me;
He asked of Ariadne
If I were not her sister,
Then smiled and patted my rough head, for I
Had crouched beside her chair.
He called me brave.

She pauses, smiling.)

IPPOLYTUS

What's all this tale?

PHAEDRA (clinging to him)

Oh, listen!

Thou dost not know what 'tis to be a girl—
I'm telling thee—to have weak arms and feel
Nothing impossible—sleeping from eve to dawn,
To find the day an unimpeded revel.

The Minotaur was hearsay till, when dead,
I saw him: though he made me shudder first,
Yet soon I laughed, he looked so awkwardly,

30 All the boys prodding him with their new swords.

HIPPOLYTUS

Why, this is naught to me, that thou wast then
A giddy-pated girl such as thou keep'st
To make the doorways giggle in the house
And drive one to the woods. I can believe.

PHAEDRA

Thou canst not love me, no, nor yet forgive,
Unless thou hast sense of my growing up.
For love is just the summing up of us,
It is the end of roving wild desire;
Thence we begin to pile achievement—yea,
And to afford real aid to those about.

HIPPOLYTUS

A pretty total hast thou told, indeed!

PHAEDRA

I care not.—On the ship I sailed with them:
My sister was the yielding-natured sort,
Taking me when I begged agog to see
The world. I caught small fish and fed the gulls,
Flinging them silver shining through the air;
The greedy birds swung strident down and gulped
Them ere they fell. Still Ariadne smiled
Leaning on Theseus' shoulder, though his eyes
Never sought hers but followed me about,
As I would chalk white dolphins on the sail,
Till all the rowers laughed and called me queen.

HIPPOLYTUS

Ha!

PHAEDRA

He kissed me once while Ariadne slept.
How proud I was!—unkind to her as well,
Making my power over him appear.

HIPPOLYTUS

Ha!

PHAEDRA

He left her on that isle, thou knowest which,
And claimed my love: I was afraid of him,
But pleased to be a queen; and, as for love,
I never dreamed of such a thing as love
Till I saw thee, till I saw thee, till I . . .

HIPPOLYTUS

Keep off!

PHAEDRA

How! treat me brutally? I am a queen,
And young, and used to choice address: take care!

HIPPOLYTUS

I see thy mind is hateful with device
To chalk black white and make words woo. No more.
We part now, never again to meet: from hence
I keep away; seek thou to do thy duty.

PHAEDRA

Thou pratest: thou art not so old as I!
Thou owest me more respect, thy father's wife.

HIPPOLYTUS

It is respect that makes me treat thee thus.

PHAEDRA

Thou silly boy, thou dost not dream of love.
Love is worth more than manners; Love is wise,
Is lenient like old kings whose wives are dead;
Smiles zealot virtue down, gives passion leave
To err a little, for its vital worth.
Love is worth more than kingdoms, love is gold,

The only metal minted in joy's realm ;
With it we will buy pleasures pure as dew,
We will hunt, happy, in the April wood,
In every glade surprising loving pairs,
And all the world shall sing.—Thy father's dead ;
The news is nearly certain, came last night.

HIPPOLYTUS

How dead ?

PHAEDRA

Yes, yes, how foolish to forget so long !
Our love is quite legitimate, thou see'st.
Yield, yield ! Thou blushest. Hide thy shame from thee
Here in my bosom where my shame is hid.

HIPPOLYTUS (thrusts her back)

Never !

PHAEDRA (flinging herself against him)

Oh, thou art ice, which I am fire to thaw :
My blood is rich enough to master both.
I am a woman, not an Amazon,
My home lies South,

(Baring her breast)

They washed not this with snow

To harden it, but browned it in the sun ;
Wherefore 'tis ripe, full as a rich-toned fig.
Taste, taste, does it not tempt thee ? Taste.

HIPPOLYTUS

O shameless woman !

PHAEDRA (putting herself between the door and him)

Yes, women should be shameless as the sun :
Their beauty's meant to light, their love to warm
Not such as trooped across a frozen sea,—
Black ice-rafts borne from Pontus all one way,
On which that band of she-wolves white in wool
Seemed only frost or wind-swept grains of snow—
Women, who for each murdered princely man
Gained, not a husband, but a merry night :—

Hippolytus, son of Hippolyta
Who shrivelled up her right breast with hot iron
To aim death surer at man's body, not
Love's blessing to his heart—lopsided too
Art thou, ungainly, awkward, being maimed
Of the fair fountain of life's hope fulfilled.

HIPPOLYTUS

Outrage no more my mother's cleanly soul!

☛ (He makes for the door; dragged after him she snatches his knife from the scabbard.)

PHAEDRA

Kill me, and know at length what folly is:
Regret will teach thee: take this sword and smite!
Look on me dead, and try then to forget.

Thou fearest, coward, art turned white and shakest.
Milk-blooded hunter of the timid deer.
I am of nobler game, and, turned at bay,
Destroy myself, rather than yield to dogs.

☛ (She turns the blade against her bare bosom; he seizes her hands, wrests it from her, and escapes while she falls across the threshold; he is heard running away.)

☛ (PHAEDRA, left prostrate, sobs convulsively; after some time lifts her head.)

Now, Death, this tall Hippolytus must die.

Too nice to touch the ordinary love,
That women have to give;
Ay, kill themselves to give!
Far too fastidious he,
Disdainful of a queen!
Oh, let him have a goddess then,
Nemesis fire-white purging even him,
Persephone a bridesmaid robed in black,
And billowy wide death for nuptial bed.

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Had I but loved him less, he might have lived
To fill the wild wood with his loud hallooes,
And meet with Artemis. May furies meet him!
Oh, oh, oh, Love, tall handsome love! My heart,
Hadst thou but loved him less, but loved him less!
Should we not help those whom we love to live?
What was *this choice* Love's offer—*death* or *shame*,
A poverty-stricken, not a taking gift,
Unqueenlike, very reprehensible?
Was I so poor, I could not die for him—
Let the coarse fingers of each common day
Crumble my life, in dull desire, to waste?
What ailed my needs to seem so desperate?
I could have faded, suffered, must have died
Before so very long. Hippolytus
Had hardly noticed I was gone: yet love,
Surely love is too precious to be scorned?
Come it in shame and poverty to beg;
Come it quite naked, bruised and going mad;
Oh, yes, love is the only royal gift.

☞ (She gets up and leans against the left jamb of the door.)

But now let not my vengeance work vile ways,
Not the mere woman's spite, nor yet divine,
As goddesses impelled unto revenge;
No poison mixed by stealth, no paid slave's knife,
No deadening veto on his woodland sport,
But inorganic, with a weight of stone,
Crush him with accident casually; let doom
Be aimless as a landslip coming down;
May he flounder in an element of earth,
Find his mouth full of it; so let him choke,
Hopeless and with no power to complain.

☞ (Hiding her face against the arm leant on the jamb.)

I do not live, there is no hope in me.
Fools might say: 'Turn upon thy heel, go back
Contrite, and try to make amends.'—For what,

O virtuous women? For not daring die?
But I dare die, I am in love with death :
I am impure and prostituted so
The blood has in my every vein turned sour ;
So I must die, but not die unavenged.—
O Aphrodite, help me ; thou art touched
Full on the hot cheek of thy dignity ;
For I was beautiful, was beautiful.

☞ (After a pause she turns to the door and stretches her hands out.)

My children, oh !
My little ones, good-bye !
Could I now hear you running in and out,
I dare not say good-bye.
This Silence, my so passionate preference claimed
For palace where mute thought indulged doomed love,
Is now a citadel,
Convenient for my crime,
Rebuking hope with walls
Impenetrably thick :
Hope cannot win to me ;
It will hold out. Good-bye !
I heard your pattering footsteps distance, faint,
Faint out of earshot, trackless as a dream ;
And broken dreams sleep never will conclude.

My shame it is that you are out of reach.
Once you were near enough, here, in my womb ;
And I have felt you drain my milky breast,
And might again : oh, no, but those I have
Are they not pretty, are they not like me ?
Ah, never, not an atom in them is.
Once I was something as they are, once, once
I ran about the Cretan palace park
And talked of birds that nearly let me touch them,
And picked sweet flowers, and wondered that they died
Pinched in my hot pud : so would they now die,

- My children, gathered in these feverish arms.—
 Oh, come, there is a means of ending this !
- § (She moves towards the yard, then hesitates and returns.)
 But stop and think ; think of thy suffering flesh !
 Is there then comfort, O thou selfish self ?
 Hast thou got hopes laid by whereon to live ?
 Nay, but enough of pride to poison thee.
- § (As she again moves towards the yard, the fawn gets in her way : she strikes it ; it runs out through the yard, where the dogs bark.)
 Henceforth, O body, move as numbed by pain ;
 Brain, thou art frost-bit ; heart in me, lie still.
 No tears ! Walk, walk—my feet are cold—walk, walk.
- § (She goes out, the dogs become silent ; in a few minutes she returns, fumbling with the buckles of a bridle.)
 I am not mad, and can quite clearly see
 Myself thus entering my home, and know
 To which side life lies, tempted not at all
 To suffer shameful years of emptiness.
 I do not dream. Despair is very wise.
 When I did love a man, I loved myself,
 Whom now I hate, whose loves I cannot share.
- § (She slips the bridle over her head ; it hangs loosely round her neck.)
 Mad, mad—I must be mad or shall not do it.
- § (She stoops down by the fire, takes one of the white shales of wood used for tinder and, finding a piece of charcoal, writes ; then looking up)
 I am not tender for Hippolytus . . § (she laughs).
 Hippolytus, as *she* I loved was, *loved*. . . § (laughs again).
 My dear dead friend who loved Hippolytus
 Madly, was crazed, was crazed for a boy who scowls,
 Without a beard, a scowling beardless boy—
 Madly in love with beardless, beardless boys.
- § (Goes out laughing by the door on the left. It is now noon.)
- § (THESEUS raises his war shout, intoning, that it may carry a great distance ; very faint, it yet rouses the dogs, who bark, and more and more excitedly after each repetition.
 Friends of Theseus !)

§ (PHAEDRA, from the room on the right,

I can't unfasten it,

Help, Eros! Aphrodite, help, oh, help!)

§ (THESEUS, still far off,

Hail, friends of Theseus!)

§ (PHAEDRA

It's so tight—so tight!

Help, help, Hippolytus! Help, Theseus, help!)

§ (THESEUS, nearing,

Hail, friends of Theseus! Friends of Theseus, hail!)

§ (PHAEDRA

Help, Ariadne, help! Great Minos, help!)

§ (THESEUS, nearer,

Hail, friends of Theseus! House of Theseus, hail!)

§ (PHAEDRA, interrupted by her death rattle, and very faintly,.

Help, mother, mother, help! help! help! help!)

§ (THESEUS, near,

Hail!

50 Hail, wife of Theseus! Home of Theseus, hail!)

§ (He enters the yard.)

Nobody!

§ (To the dogs)

So, so, so! Brave fellows!—Ha!

— But this looks strange; no one about?

§ (Looks in at the door.)

No one?

§ (He comes forward, turns reverently to the recess behind the hearth.)

Athens, to thee and the gods who frequent thee,

Freeing these feet from their sandals I offer

Them to ye, gratefully; not as though worthy,

But that they wearing like fortune did symbol

Favour divine and approval; and promise,

Speedily, off'rings more valuable also.

§ (He places his sandals within the recess, then looks round.)

'Tis odd, 'tis odd, but yet no signs alarm me

Of any evil chance befallen here.

Things smile as peace and plenty teach them best.

§ (He proceeds to the women's apartment on the left, from which his voice is heard.

What! what! what! Help! She's dead!) §

§ (He returns, bearing the body of PHAEDRA, round whose neck is still a part of the bridle that he has severed.)

Can she be dead?

§ (He lays the body on the table with its head away from the hearth, looses the bridle, places his ear to her heart.)

All still, no little flutter captive yet?

My bird, my mouth of music?

§ (He kisses her, composes her limbs and garments, closes her lids.)

Veil those eyes:

They look no welcome, see no welcome sight.

What fear did they encounter?

Noble girl,

There was a going outward in thy life

That could not be contained and now has passed

Beyond our limits. Oh, too absolute!

Peremptorily thou chiddest me on parting

For leaving thee alone; thou wouldst have liked

My year-long service at thy elbow. Well,

Thou wast a pretty bit, and mad'st me mad

As others erst had. Pity! that now my tears

Fall faintly on thy cheeks, as rain on snow

When all its bright resistance is undone.

Why so much hurry, dear? I had returned

Newly inclined to thee.

Poor heart, poor heart,

What was thy fill at last? What burst thee, heart?

Was't only being left alone, sweet chit?

Naught but not games enough? But thou hadst friends,

Of thine own sex, young, proper ones to romp,

And two small babes to burst like buds to laughter

At every smile that fell like sun ray on them;

And hadst thou needed warmer play-fellows,
Thou wast the sort to turn the tables on us,
And prove us, women can hunt out of bounds,
Ay, take a fence at need and show pride in it.

Too queenly to be queen, imperious
For empire, which demands some sane contempt
Of the best crown: man does not venture all
And something wins, but this weak structure goads
The owner to excess—look here: these arms!
Everything must run off from them like water
And vanish through these fingers, out of fear
To stain or veil such shapely stuff for kissing.
How now, what do we treasure still?

Ho, ho!

Thou gripp'st it staunchly, like
The warrior's wife thou wast,
But, but,
The dead have no claims left
On things material; only thoughts and vows
And sighed remembrances are for them.

☛ (He takes the shale from her.)

Writing?

☛ (Reads.)

'I die to save my husband's bed from stain,
Adultery, nay worse—Hippolytus.'

Curse, curse him, stamp upon the snake!—the cold,
The shadow-loving, passage-haunting worm,
That spurned the virgins with his sour look
And fastens leech-like 'neath the matron's skirt.—
Poseidon, thou hast promised, now fulfil:
Oh, never let him get alive away,
For still it is the hour of his attempt.
See, here his bow . . .

☛ (Seizes it and snaps it across his knee three several times.)

XXIII

His quiver . . .

§ (Gripping all the arrows in one hand he hurls them toward the door: they scatter, glancing from the walls to rattle beneath the benches: he flings the empty case on the fire.)

Oh, strong gods!

His fox-skin cloak that smothered in his lust
Spread out to form a bed for his vile coil. § (Lifting it.)
Soft and sleek—Fox in the vineyard—ho!

Dogs, after him, ho! run him down; on, on!

§ (The dogs shake their chains, barking furiously. THESEUS strides to the door and, bunching up the mantle, throws it toward the kennels.)
Worry it, my hearties. Tear it! Learn the scent!

§ (They become suddenly silent, then begin to whimper.)
THESEUS § (sobbing)

My pride, my son, noble Hippolytus,
Whose mother turned mine amorous ardours shy,
My sullen lad who seemed almost to scorn
His love-and-war-begrimed, so grizzled sire.
Why do we love these straight, stiff, stuck-up sons
Who nose the air for wafts from goddess' robes,
And never tune a fancy to our pleasure? ,

§ (Coming back beside Phaedra.)

My trusty girl, my gallant black-browed Phaedra,
That could not brook offence! Thy hand, true heart.
'Tis cold, but never mind, I wish it felt
Me squeeze it. Come, come, a second time we're married,
Heart mine-own, never to be divorced, mine honour,
Mine honour, yes, mine honour and my wife.

§ (Kissing her.)

A kiss, a kiss! Oh that thy lips could share it!

Oh! that black villain in his spotless clothes!

I have been loose in loving—bold, daring much!
To turn the thumbscrew on a woman, oh!
But never sneaking, least of all in love.

He must have nibbled at her daily, yes !
 Crawling her over with demure attentions :
 Look how his practice thinned her, ere she died.—
 Dear beauty, noble woman, wife of wives,
 Thou staunch one whom I wooed on shipboard, rocked
 In these great arms while slow waves rocked us, kissed
 While spray splashed, kissing brow, cheek, neck and shoulder.
 ♪ (He rises from stooping over her, goes to the door and leans
 against the left jamb, his brow upon his forearm.)
 Ariadne, Iope, Hippolyta,
 Nay, I forget the first Perigone,
 The simple smiler, ferreted from out
 The feathery, thick asparagus, that, found,
 Was pleased with kisses—needed to be wooed
 For nothing—childlike shared her sweets quite happy ;
 670 Deioneus thanked me for such a wife.
 ♪ (A silence : then, lifting his head)
 Salt from the sea !
 These frail leaves tremble,
 The wind, the wind, the wind !
 Thus through my hair it went
 When to the white-faced children I cried out :
 I'll be a child !—the folk were not displeased,
 Though thinking I could hardly more than jest,
 A child not probable for passing off.
 And so I joked—no boy, no sturdy lad,
 But frail, a virgin blushing in her teens :
 Then even those doomed children laughed a bit.
 And I decided, left my toil that wove
 The towns together, came and heard the tales
 Their mothers told them to distract their fears,
 And took a holiday, and sailed with them
 A fund of hope to passive maidens and
 Boys not too certain that death would not daunt them.
 ♪ (He seems gradually to grow submissive to some drowsy charm
 brought in the wind.)

There freshens again the wind :
With Ariadne close
Dreaming a dream as deep
And solemn as the gulfs
Under the restless floor
Of tame and tiring toss—
Love jaded out by waves—
Salt water, tears and love.

§ (His voice dies down, a step is heard in the yard : a WOMAN enters entirely veiled in a deep blue cloak, passes THESEUS who appears not to notice her, goes up to the table, places her arms severally over PHAEDRA'S shoulders, and bows her head over the dead face as she seats herself at the end farthest from the hearth, and thus remains motionless. THESEUS continues slowly, almost sobbing) §

O Love, fatigue, salt water, tears and love !
The slow lethargic voyage through the air,
Which summer sea seemed hardly to assist,
With Ariadne amorous and hushed—
Too slumbrous, growing like a nightmare soon
Oppressive—Phaedra, Phaedra, Phaedra, Phaedra !

§ (He weeps ; twilight gradually grows dusk. DOTO'S voice is heard at a distance, singing alternate lines of a song with the chorus of her companions)

§ (GIRLS in unison
Lily, O Lily, hide your head !)

§ (DOTO
'Why?' reasons the Lily, 'Why?')

§ (THE OTHERS
Haven't you heard what those two have said?)

§ (DOTO
'Fie!' shivers the Lily, 'Fie!')

§ (THE OTHERS
Lovers lost in the summer wood—)

§ (DOTO
'Hush!' shudders the Lily, 'Hush!')

§ (THE OTHERS

They're kissing! Why don't you do as you should!)

§ (DOTO

'Blush—but a Lily can't blush!')

§ (They all go off into laughter, and enter the yard.)

CLYMENE

How still it seems and queer!

DOTO

I wonder why the dogs don't bark?

MALIS

The house looks corpse-like in the dark.

SIMAETHA

Don't talk of such things, dear.

HIPPO

Who's there?

THE OTHERS

Where?

HIPPO

Leant by the jamb of the door.

CYDILLA

I daren't take a single step more.

SIMAETHA

It is lord Theseus, see!

MALIS

He does not lift his head;

What if he should be dead?

SIMAETHA

Come, follow after me.

§ (As each girl enters, she curtsies to THESEUS, who does not look up; they grope in the dark hall.)

CYDILLA § (coming close to the table and touching PHAEDRA'S dress.)

Who's this? Oh, there's some one here!

MALIS § (drawing her hand back from contact with the QUEEN'S feet.)

Dead!

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SIMAETHA

The Queen !

CLYMENE

I'm sick with fear.

§ (They gather together under the window on the left.)

HIPPO

Let's all sit down. Let no one talk.

§ (They sit on the bench which they had placed there that morning.)

DOTO

Here's Thoe, by her slip-shod walk.

§ (The old AMAZON is heard to cross the yard, and then enters, almost brushing THESEUS, comes straight to the table and goes to lay down the things she carries, starts back.)

THOE

Ha !

§ (Peers close at the clothes.)

The Queen !

§ (Touching her hand.)

Dead ; a good riddance too !

Her bracelets and her ankle rings, her blue

To powder the hair, her beads and haughtiness !

The dark-skinned shrew had wanton in her veins,

I'll be bound. Yes ! my mistress matched bleached linen ;

Was never idle sighing to the sea,

Or talking to the swallows like a girl :

Child-travail can't cure some their new-moon mopes.

§ (While speaking her left hand has rattled the ornaments ; now bending down she hisses.)

I'll have you hear my mind a bit. Who's that ?

§ (Starts back seeing the woman bowed over the head, who lifts her eyes and looks at Thoe ; she immediately drops on her knees, praying.)

O Artemis, whom I worship first,

Save me from charms !—

O Hera, when Kypris threatens worst,

Hold off her arms !—

XXVIII

O Zeus, Zeus, shut thy wide eyes close
When she speaks to thee;
Her counsel is the seed of woes,
Her smiles undo thee.

THESEUS (turning round.)

Hold thy noise, beldame, leave the gods alone
Till thou hast washed reviling from thy mouth—
Lies, scandal; and from out thy shrunk heart malice.

(A MAN comes running, is about to enter, when THESEUS blocks the way)

What haste?

MESSENGER

I have an errand to the Queen.

THESEUS

Deliver!

MESSENGER

Nay, 'tis for the Queen, I said.

THESEUS (laying his hands on him)

Out with it!

MESSENGER (frightened)

Let me be! What should you want?

Who are you? Hold! The Queen will have you whipped.

My news is urgent.

THESEUS

How, has my voice changed?

My bearing, tumbled by some upstart, lost
Her manners and fallen from respect so low,
That this hind cannot know his lord? Ha, ha!
My arm's no wanton: gurgle, gurgle; nay,
I will not throttle thee; come, lie thou there,

(Flinging him outside)

Until some breath comes back to tell thy news.

(The MESSENGER is heard gasping; voices approach; the light of torches flashes on trees in the distance)

(MESSENGER

They're coming.)

THESEUS

Who?

§(MESSENGER

They bring him home.)§

THESEUS

Who, by Poseidon, who?

§(MESSENGER

The prince.)§

THESEUS

How *bring* him?

§(MESSENGER

Death, eager at his heart, waits the last beat.)§

THESEUS

Thanks, my best thanks, Poseidon; thee I praise.

§(The yard is now filled with men and torches; those who bear the litter are about to enter.)

THESEUS

Back! Heave your burden to the dung-hill, sirs.

BEARERS

It is the prince, my lord.

THESEUS

He stinks; stand back!

HIPPOLYTUS§(faintly)

Father?

THESEUS

Oh, change the accents of that voice:

Its whining brings the ill-digested past

Back in my mouth, whose sweet is nauseous now.

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, what ails thy words? My head's in pain.

THESEUS

Take him away: he murders me with goodness.

HIPPOLYTUS

Tell me what cause thus makes thee angry, father?

THESEUS

700 Don't father me again, thou bastard cub,

xxx

That I have thought mine own and loved too well.

HIPPOLYTUS

O ye just gods, who is the cause of this?

THESEUS

Hypocrite, vile, incestuous colt, to think
To ride thy sire's mare in the back lane.

HIPPOLYTUS

With such coarse words thou wound'st my ear so much,
My heart can hardly realise 'tis hurt.

THESEUS

Propriety, thy mouthpiece is too pure.

THOES (to the woman bowed over the dead)

Why don't you save him from these injuries?

HIPPOLYTUS

Mine old nurse Thoe, farewell, worthy nurse.

THOES (still to the woman)

Why don't you speak or move or tell the truth?

ARTEMIS (filling the court with moonlight, but only partly visible
from the proscenium above the hoarding on the right)

O foolish king, to pray thy ruin down,

Petitioning perdition in a fume:

Thy queen had sickened from the Cyprian's plague;

For this thy son her pulse unruly throbbed

By day, by night, and wore her to despair

Till she this morning did declare her pain;

The which he, righteous not to heal, thrust back

Into the fiery torture whence she, fond,

Had dragged it to daylight. Left to despair

She, stung to vengeance, scrawled his fame away

And hung herself as one estranged from hope.

Thy rage, too quick to set the years at naught

That should have left a wiser judge of men

Than could mistake the clear-writ noble lines

Of thy son's character for artifice

Such as lewd lust might awkwardly invent,

Has so bereaved thee thou art pitiable.

XXXI

§(THESEUS falls on his face across the threshold.)

ARTEMIS§(addressing those who support the litter)

And ye, come, lift this litter up and go
Out to the crossway where mine image is.
There build a pyre, all of the resinous pine,
To lay my worshipper who dies upon.

HIPPOLYTUS

O virgin goddess, blessed for this light,
That softly floods my last glimpse of the world,
Thy words are music, and thy light is sweet
Yet what thou say'st I glean small knowledge of,
But am entranced beyond the bounds of thought.
Promise my father some good thing to come,
That his heart snap not at the woe I cause.

ARTEMIS

Speak thou to soothe his anguish, youth.

HIPPOLYTUS

Father,

Thy little boy will grow beyond my worth.

THESEUS

Till I repeat thy murder on his promise.

HIPPOLYTUS

My murder, father? None has murdered me.

THESEUS

I am thy murderer, O my son, my son!

HIPPOLYTUS

Nay, for my hurt is of an accident.

THESEUS

Oh, oh!

HIPPOLYTUS

I had just mounted to my car
To drive unto Aphidnae, there to dwell
Out of harm's way, with Aethra my granddame.
And still my mettled steeds pranced, more elate
To foot firm sand than conscious of their toil;
When a great noise, and from the sea a beast

XXXII

Monstrous, escaped from Proteus' guardianship,
So scared them they broke out from my control.
I did my best, shouting their well-known names ;
All to no use : one fell, the car capsized,
And down among their hoofs I strove, till bruised
My senses left me. The whole a sad mischance.

THESEUS

For which I prayed with a fore-granted prayer,
Certain of issue, great Poseidon's gift :
My son, my son, my curses shod their hooves.

HIPPOLYTUS

And though 'tis so, my father had excuse
In that dire pain his brain was dizzied with.
Father, think not I bear a grudge away :
Though I have loved my life among the trees,
Yet, now my goddess has appeared to me,
I am content to die : father, I faint !

THESEUS (kneels up and throws his arms over his son)

My son !

§ (A pause ; THESEUS lifting his lips from those of HIPPOLYTUS).

Oh, he is dead ; I am bereaved !

§ (He again throws himself on the threshold.)

ARTEMIS (to those who hold the litter)

Bear him from hence and do my bidding now.

§ (To THESEUS)

Though Aphrodite drugged thy wife's clear sense,

Some blame is thine : this secret journey out

To Lacedaemon was not kind to her ;

And is young Helen housed now at Aphidnae

A hostage merely ? With Pirithous too

On what good service art thou pledged ? The gods'

Is cautious hate : Theseus, I love chaste men.

§ (ARTEMIS and the light withdraw.)

§ (The BEARERS lifting the litter on to their shoulders make the round of the yard slowly, chanting. The HUNTSMEN follow.)

He is young and dead, he is loved and mourned.

xxxiii

Who will remember him?
His mother is a shade,
Nor had he ever a maiden adorned
Slitting the stalks so slim
To make a daisy-braid,
And for him no bride had been carried home;
No wife, to bid her boys
And girls to ne'er forget,
He leaves: of the sweet in a honeycomb
He hardly dreamed: his joys
Were horses, dogs to pet.
Such were his sport-fellows—such mourn
Briefly a week or two.
Yet surely did he vie
In promise with the summer dawn
Lavish in silver dew,
Pleasant to every eye.
Over him clip your locks and throw
Lentisk and dittany,
Anise and aloes-wood,
And Syrian essences—things which grow
At home, or o'er the sea
Are brought and reckoned good
To feed the flame that mantles a pyre,
As prowess graced his youth
Sob-ended like a song.
Yet fatigue oppresses ardent fire,
Even as men; in sooth,
It stoops, it limps; ere long
The blind smoke over ashes cowers.
And far, where skies are stone,
Where to forget the sun
Were wise, if one could—to forget the flowers,
Good luck—he, *he* is known,
A sun-ray, a single one.

800
So (As the chant ends, the last man leaves the yard. Old THOE
xxxiv

rises from her knees, and stepping over the prostrate KING follows; then the GIRLS, one by one, steal out in like manner; outside they take up the burden of the dirge.)

Unto him no more shall we call, no more

Blushing shall bid good-day

To handsome Hippolytus;

No more shall we wonder why he forebore

To play with us and stay,

Idling his time with us.

He was fair as his fortune has ever seemed,

And strong as the sapling oak;

Our eyes went with him, though

We wished our thoughts to be esteemed

Distant; if ever he spoke

His voice set our cheeks aglow.

Thou didst not dream how hungry we were,

How slow, how slow time goes

Till Love come up the wind;

How we, like an orchard, did prepare

To meet him in white and rose;

How we strove which should dazzle him blind!

☛ (THESEUS rises and follows them silently as they leave the yard; then the WOMAN lifts her head, and, throwing back the dark blue cloak, is revealed as APHRODITE: she cries)

Ha! Aphrodite has been patient here;

Patient, indeed, enough to win their praise

Who twit me with impatience. Artemis,

That dainty runner in the plashy wood,

Shall wash her feet with big hot tears some day.

She loves chaste man at last; loves, loves, not likes.—

When sodden, wet, by clenched fists kneaded well,

Those pallid cheeks puff up with purple pain,

Thou shalt mistrust thy forests for a veil

And search for darker nights than thou hast ruled

And want more terrible dogs to stun thy sense

With louder barking, while Aricia smiles,

Frowns, blushes, and pretends not to be pleased.
Proceed, proceed, bid brother Phoebus help,
Bring him to life there in thy leafy haunt.
A wind shall strip the boughs and eyes look in,
The merry stars shall twinkle through the twigs;
For when thou hast him in thy house alone
And sayest I give thee back this virile youth
And blushest thy first blush, then will his eyes
Break loose, get tangled with another's—yea,
Not thou but young Aricia shall be blessed.
So thou shalt come upon them locked in bliss,
Perfect and shut from all the world by sleep;
Then bend, oh, bend thy bow with shaking hands,
And loose a shaft to sing aye in thine ears—
Reclaim thy gift of life without applause
Or thanks. But lo! the forest gathers fear,
And howls like wolves in all its corridors:
Run, run, now hunted and not hunting; thus,
Become degraded to thine inward eye,
Save hardly strength to stuff an outward show.

● (She has risen and now stands, violent, above PHAEDRA, on whom looking down.)

Poor passion-blighted patient in Love's hand,
No dull narcotics, no emollient broth
Mixed he for thee, too trustful of his youth.
I wish we could have bathed thee in the sea
And nursed thee back to health in coral caves
And found a limpid safe luxurious love
To quiet and content thee after pain.

Now with this kiss I draw that beauty back
Which was not altogether well with thee,
And thou shalt be untroubled 'mong the shades,
For extra loveliness, by suitors bold.
We send our message to Persephone
To have thee in her eye, lest, later on,

Unfairly pitted 'gainst Aricia, thou
Shouldst come to harm, since she must keep the prize,
For which thy passion ne'er permitted rest.

Yet shalt thou not lack honour in thy death :
No statelier pyre Hippolytus lies on
Than I provide.

§ (She takes a brand from the fire and, throwing some straw and wood shales round the faggots stacked beneath the table, sets light to them, watching the flames leap up.)

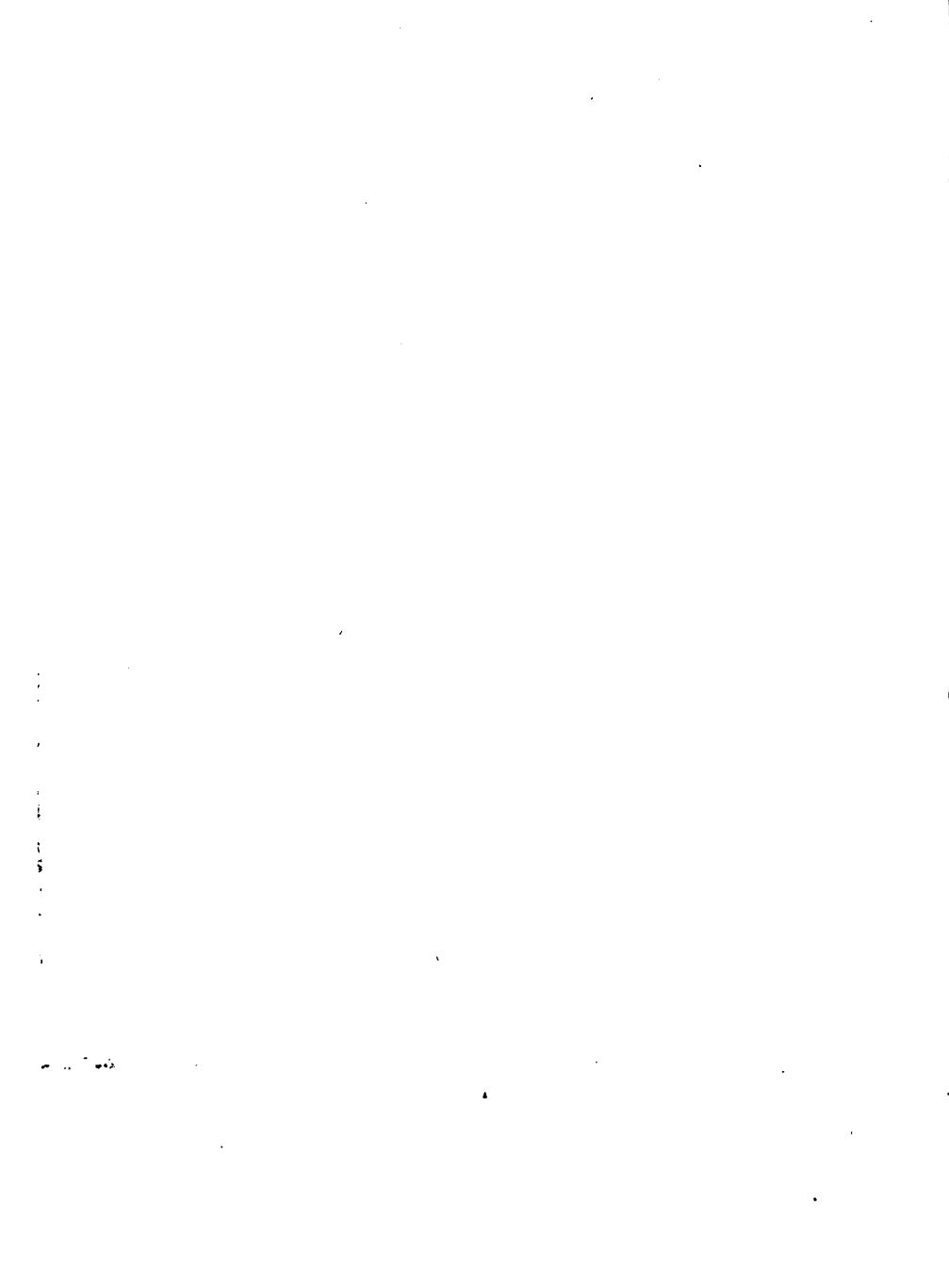
Come, clasp her round, embrace—

Bright flame, clip close, be furious, be bold :
This flesh was never crushed in Theseus' arm
To realise more than spasmodic bliss,
Let it be taught. Roar over her, as in
Her veins the mighty tidal passion roared—
As that Atlantic on the world's end roars
Twice every day, and yet anon retreats
To eye with fervour those tremendous cliffs,

§ Gathering an ardour adequate for them.

§ (She turns, and with the brand still in her hand steps outside and is seen lifting it above the hoarding, first on the left, then on the right to start the thatch, and through the latter opening hurls the brand as she strides away; it falls in the flame that shrouds the body as the CURTAIN descends.) §

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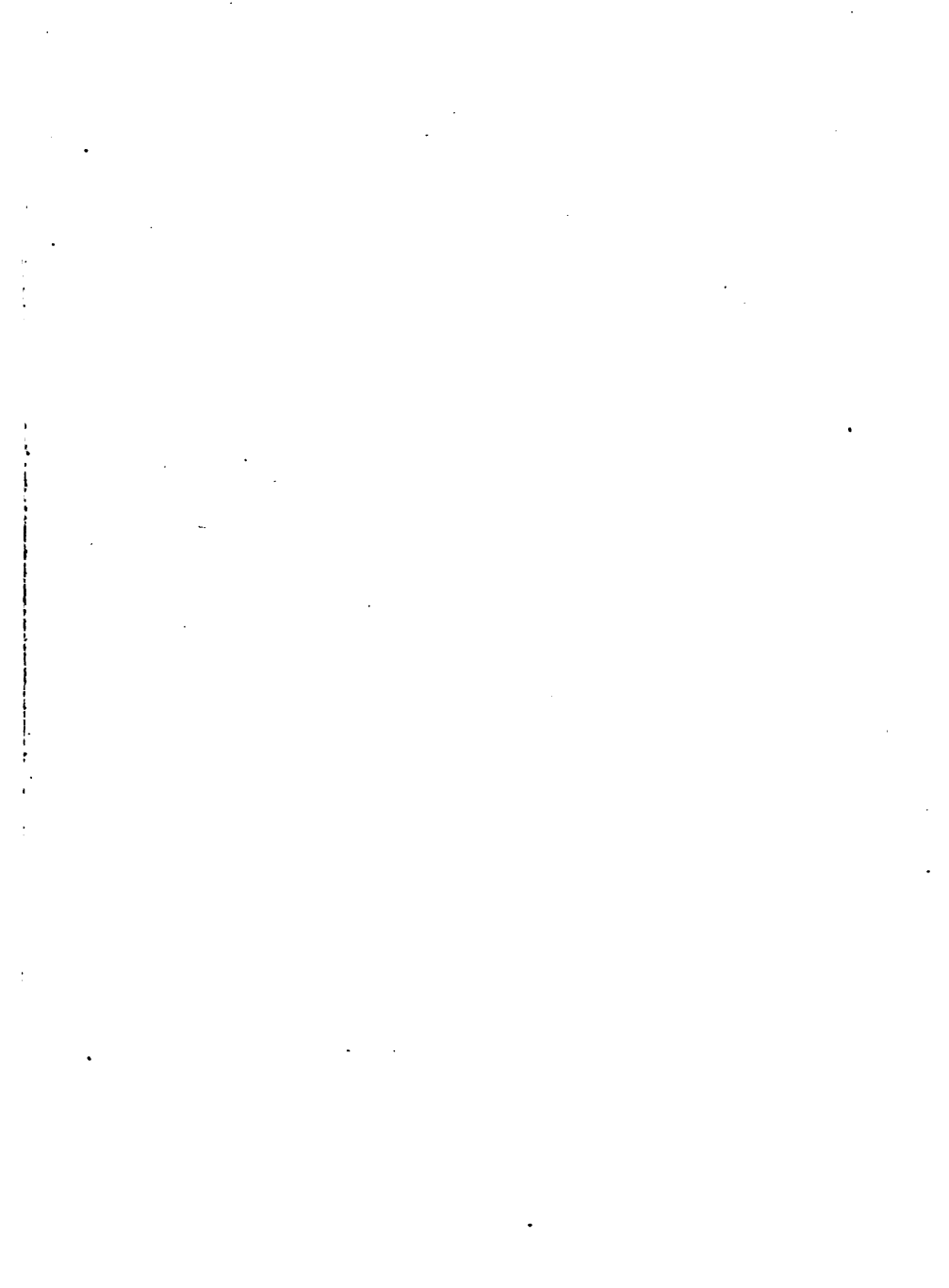
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